

## **Historic, archived document**

Do not assume content reflects current scientific knowledge, policies, or practices.



# NBC

B. L. S. RECEIVED  
PUBLIC RELATIONS

AUG 28 1937

FILE CLERK

ADVERTISER

FAIR AND HOME HOUR

PROGRAM TITLE

INGLE SAW'S FOREST RANGERS #262

CHICAGO OUTLET

( 12:30 TIME 1:30 PM )

( DATE )

( DAY )

AUGUST 28th, 1937

FRIDAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS







BESS: It was enough to wound a person to death.

JIM: That was a long time ago, Bess. You can't say to worry about those range wars any more.

BESS: Well, that's something to be thankful for anyway.

JIM: That's right, Bess. (CHUCKLING) Those old boys certainly did cut up plenty. -- Did I ever tell you about the Battle of War Eagle Bridge?

MARY: Oh, no, --- I'd love to hear about, Mr. Hopkins.

JERRY: What kind of a battle was it, Jim?

JIM: It was a first class range war, Jerry. And when I say "war," I mean just that. There was an old Irishman he called Quincey Galloway. He had about twelve hundred sheep down on one of the lower ranges in the San Bernardino Forest. He'd got one of his eyes put out in a fight, but it didn't stop him, because he was afraid he'd pass up a fight on his other side without seeing it.

JERRY: He was a scrapper, huh?

JIM: That was his favorite pastime -- still, the old game to the forest I could run the sheep was a range up above the cattle country, in the War Eagle District. But there were a couple of ex-proprietors and their cattle in there and they'd been fighting with Quincey as long as I could remember.

BESS: If they weren't fighting it they were fighting someone else.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) That's right, Bess. But you've got to admit they had a better side to their nature.





SESS: I suppose so, coming in that child the way they did.

JIM: Yeah, some one left a baby girl at the general store one night and they adopted her. They called her the War Eagle Kid.

MARY: What a terrible name for a baby.

SESS: But she was a lovely child. Awfully pretty.

MARY: And two old prospectors adopted her?

JIM: Yep. They hired an Indian squaw named Mawajo Polly to take care of her. Well, Mawajo had been pretty quiet for a while and I'd begin to figure Mawajo was gonna leave peace. Then one night Mawajo Galloway (FADING) walked into my office, and as a woman).

(FADING OUT FOR FLASHBACK)

GALL: (PAUSE -- FADING IN, ANGRILY, TRISH BROOK) Jim Hawkins, will you please what I got in the mail yesterday?

JIM: Well, Galloway, what's bothering you?

GALL: Will you read this letter I got from some woman at War Eagle? (HATTLE OF PAPER)

JIM: (READING) "Dear Mr. Galloway: This is to tell you that any sheep that attempts to cross the War Eagle Bridge will be shot dead before they reach the side of some woman and peace loving citizens that know there ain't no good in sheep. Some day for any sheep, winter or summer, that attempts to be connected with sheep in any way, shape or form, I will truly, The War Eagle Bulletin." -- M-m-m sounds like the same business, Galloway.



GALL: And so do I, Ranger. I've a trigger finger meself that's been itchin' in their direction fer some time.

JIM: You've got no cause to fight, Galloway. They haven'd done anything to you yet.

GALL: That's the very word. Not yet they ain't. And do yer think I'll be after holdin' me breath waitin' fer 'em?

JIM: Take it easy, Galloway.

GALL: And while I'm doin' so, they'd burn me house down. I'm a decent God-lovin' man, I am. I pay me taxes and send me kids to school and I've paid yer me fees fer lookin' me sheep on the National Forest.

JIM: I know you have, Galloway.

GALL: It's only no legal rights I'm after askin' fer.

JIM: I've already notified the War Eagle outfit that your sheep will graze on the range above their cattle.

GALL: Sure, and I suppose I'll be havin' to shoot the whole outfit as I can get my sheep across the border.

JIM: You won't have to -- Wait a minute -- here they come now. They're headin' for here.

GALL: The two of 'em?

JIM: Yes. Old Mac Kelly and Slim Andy.

GALL: Stand back, Ranger. Yer'll see lead flyin' fast in a minute.

JIM: Keep your guns where they are. You go on into the next room and wait for me. I want to talk to them alone.

GALL: And miss a good fight? What do yer take me for? They'll be after thinkin' I'm afraid of 'em.



JIM: They won't even know you're here. I want you to do this just as a personal favor to me, Galloway. Go on. I wanta handle 'em myself.

GALL: Mind you, I'm only doin' it as a favor. (FADING) If you need me just holler out.

JIM: All right. That's fine. But you wait 'till I tell you.

(DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES)

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

JIM: Come in!

(DOOR OPENS)

ANDY: (FADING IN -- EAST DRAWS) Howdy, Ranger. How ya feelin'?

(DOOR CLOSES)

KELLY: (FADING IN -- SCOPPIE MAN) Ranger, we come here to start a fight!

JIM: Come in and sit down, boys -- I'm -- I'm glad to see you.

KELLY: (ABRUPTLY) The first man that tries to run across into our range's gonna find himself lookin' down like Winchelsea and his guns than he ever seen before.

JIM: Well, what can I do for you fellows?

ANDY: We come to register a protest.

JIM: Oh, is that what you want? Well, go right ahead.

ANDY: Bein' as how we been grazin' our cattle in the fields for the past twenty years, and wanta peace lovin' relations if this here United States, we come to tell you there ain't gonna be no sheep run across our range. Do I make myself clear?





JIM: What makes you think the sheep will harm your cattle range?

KELLY: Anybody knows sheep kill the range. But that ain't the most important thing to us.

JIM: Well, what is it then?

KELLY: We got the War Eagle Kid to think of now.

ANDY: Yeah. If sheep was to be drove into War Eagle there ain't no tellin' what'd happen to 'The Kid'. But's likely he took with somethin' bad.

JIM: You won't have to worry about 'The Kid' with Navajo Polly nursin' here. Polly's nursed everybody in these parts for the last fifty years.

KELLY: She's a smart injun, and she takes care of 'The Kid' first rate. But Polly ain't no match agin' a herd of flattin' scallies. They poison the air.

JIM: Well, my fellow men I wouldn't do anything to bring harm to 'The Kid'. We all got a soft spot in our hearts for him. But you ain't have the right angle on this.

ANDY: Ranger, we're a peace lovin' outfit, we are. In the past we've made our laws and seen to it that they was enforced when it was necessary. Why, I kin remember once when some Yellows got a little careless about observin' them laws and had to prove to 'em how peace lovin' we really are. We had to hang seven of 'em at one time.





JIM: Yeah, I've heard all about it. But you folks forget that things ain't like that any more. There's plenty of range in our district for Galloway's sheep. If they don't get onto good range in a week they'll starve to death, every one of 'em.

KELLY: Ranger, maybe you thought we was foolin' about "The Kid" gettin' sick if any sheep wuz to be drove into War Eagle.

JIM: There's nothing wrong with her now is there?

KELLY: No, by golly. And there ain't gonna be. You gotta be mighty keerful about raisin' infants.

JIM: I ain't know no Galloway's kids ever was raised by sheep. And he's raised a hell-dogged lot 'em on that sheep range of his.

ANDY: As I was sayin', Ra gee, we're a peace-lovin' sort of folk and we aim to keep peaceful, at any cost. Let us be sure there ain't no misunderstandin' on nobody's part we got our boys buildin' a barricade on our side of the bridge. And we're shillin' War Eagle to resist any invasion on our land.

JIM: But that grazing land don't belong to you folks. It's National Forest range.

KELLY: As Andy was sayin', we ain't want no misunderstandin'. We fought in the battle of 'Friend Ben' itself and I fit the battle of Bull Run, but the first time-blacked eye that crister War Eagle bridge will show a battle that'll make any you ever heard of look like a Sunday School picnic. SAYWW (FADING) Come on, Andy. Let's go.



(DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS SHUT)

JIM: Come on in, Galloway. They're gone.

(DOOR OPENS)

GALL: (FADING IN) I heard every word of them rascals.

JIM: I figured you'd be listening.

GALL: Sure I was. Did ye hear what they said about barricadin' the bridge?

JIM: Yes, I heard.

GALL: And that bein' the only trail into the range.

JIM: Don't let it bother you, Galloway. They will like that all the time.

GALL: They do more'n talk, them varmints. Old Man Solly's got a natural squint to his eye from seventy years of aimin' down a rifle.

JIM: Yeah, I've noticed.

GALL: And the shameful way they carried on about my sheep makin' their baby sick. I never heard of such nonsense in all me life.

JIM: Hold on now, Galloway. How long willit take you to drive your sheep to the bridge?

GALL: About three days, if the weather's good.

JIM: All right. I'll leave for our cattle penstock. You start drivin' your sheep for home tomorrow. But don't try to cross the bridge 'til you hear from me.

GALL: Faith, I can cross the War Eagle bridge, barricade or no barricade.



JIM: Now listen to me, Callaway. I'm tryin' to do you a favor. I don't want you and your sheep to get shot up, and that's what'll happen if you don't do as I tell you.

CALL: Aw, yer always spoilin' a good fight.

JIM: All I want you to do is wait until you hear from me before you start anything at all. If you don't I'm not responsible for what'll happen to either you or your sheep.

CALL: Well, I've trusted you before and I suppose I should trust you again. But, mind you, I'm takin' with me a few rounds of ammunition and all the boys from the canyon — and — list in case.

JIM: Have it your way. But don't forget what I said. I've been pretty good friends with Navajo Polly for a long time. I think I'll ride up to Her House and see if I can't have a talk with her.

MUSIC: TRANSITION

JIM: (FADING IN) Hello, there, Navajo Polly

POLLY: How, Ranger

JIM: Where's Andy and old man Kelly?

POLLY: Down at bridge. Make fort for big fight. I am no like sheep.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) They don't like sheep, do they? How's the fat eagle kid?

POLLY: Good very well

JIM: She oughta be with a good name like you to look after her — Say, Polly, I've got a couple of five dollar gold pieces here. I was t'inkin' you might like to have one.





POLLY: What he gotta do?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, I'll tell you, Polly, I'm comin' up here to put a stop to what looks like a plenty hot range war and I need your help. Now I've got a feather here I want you to take.

POLLY: What we do with um?

JIM: It's very simple, and you get these five dollar bill pieces for doing it. All I want you to do is kinda tickle the War Eagle Kid with the feather until she picks up a bill. Then you act like she's got the bill. You know what the bill is?

POLLY: Sure. Lotta babies have um.

JIM: That's right. And you just keep on tickling the War Eagle Kid now and then for a couple of days until Galloway gets up here with his sheep. Savvy?

POLLY: We savvy. You wantum baby roller.

JIM: You've got the idea. And leave the rest to me.

POLLY: I gettum pay now?

JIM: I'll give you one cold piece now and you get the next one when Galloway's sheep cross the War Eagle Bridge. Savvy you are?

(MUSIC INTERLUDE)

ANDY: (FADING IN) Look, Kelly, there comes Galloway with his goos.

KELLY: Looks like he's gonna stop the herd back here always.

ANDY: What're they aimin' to do?

KELLY: Well, Galloway's comin' towards the bridge.

ANDY: By himself?

KELLY: Yep.





ANDY: Has he got his guns drawed?

KELLY: Not yet.

ANDY: I don't reckon he's fool enough to tackle the lot of us single handed.

KELLY: That don't mean nothin'. Ye can't tell about an Irishman.

ANDY: Lemme have another look at 'im.

KELLY: Go ahead. I better warn the boys. (FADING A BIT) Git ready, you fellas. I wantcha to pop out when I hollers. But hold yer fire 'till I give the word.

VOICES (FF) All right, General. Let 'em come, we're ready for 'em.

KELLY: (FADING IN) Sav, Andy, we don't see the Ranger anywheres, do we?

ANDY: Nope.

KELLY: Wouldn't want him to come sittin' in flat when the flight was gittin' good.

ANDY: He's likely to show up any minute now.

KELLY: It'd be just like 'im.

ANDY: Yeah. -- Ye ever hear gittin' some news about "The Ziegler"?

KELLY: Uhuh. Ranger said he'd let us know if she turned fer the money.

ANDY: They say police pits right bad with young uns.

KELLY: I wish we moved up about it so we could do somethin'.

ANDY: Well, anyhow, Maveja Polly's the best nurse in these parts. She can make anything git well, from a sick foot ail to a baby girl.

KELLY: But she's up agin' it when cheap gits into the country, pollutin' the air.



ANDY: Sure powerful good, the Ranger helpin' Dave, Golly nusse the kid the way he is.

KELLY: I reckon his conscience hurts him for tellin' Galloway to drive them sheep up here. -- I hate to do it, but I reckon we oughta give him warnin; show him what he's runnin' up against. (CALLING) Git ready, boys. We're a goin' over the barricade -- company 'tension! Forward march!

VOICES: (OFF) Git outa my way -- Come on, boys -- Hippee!

KELLY: (SHOUTING) Company -- Halt! -- Take it easy.

(VOICES DIMINISHING AND OUT)

ANDY: Galloway ain't crossin' the bridge. Listen, he's standin' there hollerin' something.

GALL: (WAY OFF MIKE) Hey, Old Man Kelly!

KELLY: Whaddaya want, Galloway?

GALL: Where's the Ranger?

KELLY: Whadda ya want know fer?

GALL: He said I was to meet 'im here.

KELLY: He's up at the ranch helpin' Dave nusse ol' "The Kid".

GALL: Your kid, ye mean?

KELLY: That's right.

GALL: That's wrong?

KELLY: She's got the colic.

GALL: That ain't nothin' to worry about. My kids all had it.

ANDY: (S.V.) Listen to him. He's tryin' to make our life cheap ain't harmful to "The Kid". Tell him what we're gonna do.



KELLY: (CALLING) Listen, Galloway, you git them sheep an' burn outa here by sundown or we'll kill every one of 'em that's in the range of our artillery.

ANDY: Your sheep give our kid the colic.

GALL: (SORE ) Have yez all gone crazy?

KELLY: Ye heard what I said.

GALL: Yez don't know nothin' about sheep or kids, either one.

ANDY: Yer own kids got the colic. Ye said so.

GALL: Ah, yer crazy as a loon, both of yez.

KELLY: (BELLIGERANT) We're settin' ye, Galloway.

GALL: Yez can save yerself the trouble. I'll be settin' no sheep acrost anyhow.

KELLY: Ye asked for it, Galloway, and ye shall git it.

ANDY: We're a peace-lovin' outfit, but we gotta protect what's burn.

GALL: Protect all yez want to. I'm comin' acrost.

KELLY: Git ready to fire men. Let 'em have it when I give the word.

JIM: (FADING IN -- SHOOTING) Hey, wait a minute! What's wrong with you fellows? What's the matter with you?

KELLY: Stand where ye are, Rangers. We're gonna go into battle.

JIM: (CALLING) Galloway! Come here!

KELLY: Stay where ye are, Galloway, if ye don't wanta see 'em flyin'.

JIM: Keep your gun down, Kelly. I come up here just now to tell you that 'The Kid's' worse.

ANDY: Worse?

KELLY: What'd ye mean she's worse?

JIM: She's gettin' sicker every minute.





KELLY: 'Who 're we gonna do? There ain't a doctor wit' no fifty miles

JIM: We don't need a doctor, but we need Galloway.

ANDY: Ranger, there ain't nobody living 'odes that ever tried to double cross me.

JIM: All right, if you won't take my word for it, I brought along Navajo Polly to tell you.

ANDY: What's she got to do with it?

JIM: Tell 'em Polly.

POLLY: Sans girl very sick. She gotten real bad. Needs plenty sheep's milk.

JIM: Bear that.

KELLY: Sheep's milk?

JIM: Yes, sheep's milk. (CALLING) Galloway! Come on over here.

GALL: (STILL OFF MILES) I can't wait here, nobody's with.

JIM: Come on. I'll take care of that. And keep your hands off your gun.

GALL: All right, if he say so.

KELLY: He mean, Ranger, that the kid needs sheep's milk to get well?

JIM: That's the only cure there is for colic. Ain't that right, Polly?

POLLY: Baby needum sheep milk, so he get well.

KELLY: I ain't taking your word for it, Ranger. But if Polly say so, I reckon it's right.

JIM: If you stand around arguing 'long it will get, there's no telling what'll happen to the kid.

GALL: (FADING IN) That are just words, Ranger?

JIM: We need your help, Galloway.

GALL: Tell, what is it, ye want?





JIM: I want to ask a favor of you.

GALL: I ain't feelin' much like givin' favors.

JIM: You can save the life of an innocent man, can't you?

GALL: You mean "The Kid"?

JIM: Yes.

GALL: I thought it was you she had.

JIM: It is. A very good name, isn't it, Polly?

POLLY: Baby she was real sick.

GALL: Then can I do for you?

JIM: The only cure for it is sheep's milk. You need some of a good one.

GALL: It's the first time I ever heard of givin' sheep's milk to a kid with the colic, and I raised him at home.

POLLY: Whaddya say, Galloway?

ANBY: Listen here, Banger, what kind of a deal are you makin' --

JIM: You listen to me. Your baby's got a special kind of colic. Polly can tell you.

POLLY: Baby ain't very sick, because she's still very good.

JIM: There you are. And my old man's been around and around with the baby's crying. I ain't had sleep, Polly?

POLLY: See very sick.

JIM: It's up to you, Galloway.

GALL: (PAUSE) Well -- if it's all right -- I reckon I can give it a try if he needs it.

JIM: Thanks. I know I could depend on you.

GALL: I'll tell me boys to bring it over.



KELLY: Wait a minute, Galloway

GALL: Huh?

KELLY: I reckon, maybe we had the wrong idea about you.

GALL: What are yer thinkin' at?

KELLY: If yer willin' to give up a ewe to save our baby girl, I reckon we could let yer sheep cross our bridge.

GALL: Gals' shore!

KELLY: And you can bring 'em across the bridge now, every hiltin' one of 'em.

GALL: Put 'em there, Mr. Kelly.

KELLY: I'll have my own boys escort yer sheep across, -- Company --  
'tenshun! -- (GATHERING OF VOICES) -- Forward, march! --

(TRAMP OF FEET UP AND DOWN)

ANNA: (FADING) We're a house lovin' gallic, Galloway; and I kin  
told any man that says we ain't.

POLLY: (PAUSE) Michael Senger.

JIM: Huh? -- Oh, what is it Polly?

POLLY: He wants five bucks now.

JIM: Five bucks?

POLLY: You say he gittin' rotten five bucks when sheep cross bridge.  
Sheep cross now.

JIM: (GROANING) Say, there's even, I don't have no five.  
Polly If it wouldn't been for your reputation as a nurse,  
I mighta been lookin' down the wrong lid of Old Man Kelly's  
paw when he was.

POLLY: You want baby girl Polly? --



JIM: No, Polly, she's balleded enough to convince those old cacks that she had a bad case of colic.

POLLY: What he do with sheep milk?

JIM: Throw it out. But don't let anybody see you do it.

POLLY: He fixum.

JIM: Be sure about it, Polly, or my wife won't be worth a plugged nickel.

(FADOUFF)

MARY: (FADING IN) And the old quack never just balleded the baby with a feather to make it yell, Mr. Henderson?

JIM: That's right, Mary.

JERRY: That sure was a smart move, Jim. (LAUGHING)

BESS: I think it was pretty hard on the baby.

JIM: (SHUCKLING) Well, I figured the baby would need a little tickling now and then those fellows could survive a good fight. And that way she wouldn't mind being' so over her two brothers from pitting' all that to pieces.

MARY: FINALE

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Ranger comes to us every Friday on the Farm and Home Hour through the courtesy of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

8/24/37

10:00 - 11:00 p.m.

